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Sword or Cross?

BY JOSEPH R. SIZOO

Then Simon Peter smote the high priest's servant . . . the servant's name was Malchus. John 18:10.

IT WAS springtime in Palestine, 33 A.D. Late evening was slipping into early night. A strange but loved figure of Galilee was spending his last night with a company of his friends. Meeting them by appointment in the familiar upper room of a home in Jerusalem he had come to say good-by. In imperishable words and with a never to be forgotten setting on that night long ago he begged them to carry the memory of his life with them in their tomorrows and they gave him the assurance in the sacrament of friendship, commonly called the Holy Supper.

Then when they had sung a hymn they went out into the night. You can almost see the eleven slinking along the silent, deserted streets of old Jerusalem under the cover of night through the gate, crossing the Kedron, a not pleasant stream. The sacrificial blood used for sprinkling the altar in the temple drained into it and on that Passover midnight that stream was running red with the blood of the Paschal Lamb as the Lamb of God passed over it. So cleverly had they maneuvered their departure and so adroitly had they moved through the shadows that no one saw them leave the city as they made their way to a well known rendezvous, a garden by an olive press called Gethsemane. Here in the deep shadows of the night and the deeper shadows of the trees they found shelter. The name of Jesus had been posted on the temple corridors, a bounty had been placed on his head, the orders had gone out for his arrest. For a little while longer was he seeking the sheltering security of the garden to be with his disciples another hour.

Suddenly the darkness of the night was broken by the flickering of torches which cast weird shadows on the olive trees and the stillness of the night was broken by the dull thud and tramp of a marching army. A haphazard mob it was, a swarming rabble of indiscriminate ruffians, hangers-on of the temple, soldiers, high priests,

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infuriated religionists and temple doorkeepers with lanterns and torches, armed to the teeth with bludgeons, staves and swords, determined to capture the most peaceable man who ever walked this earth. Out of that sickening crowd there stepped a familiar figure and horribly sullying the lips of Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss. Then the army of bruisers laid rude hands on him, bound him with ropes and dragged him toward the road to Jerusalem as a butcher might drag oxen to slaughterhouses.

As they make their way one thinks of Sidney Lanier's poem:

> Out of the woods my Master came,
> Content with death and shame.

There is one singular incident in that epic of Calvary which is almost forgotten. When Jesus was taken prisoner by this mad rabble the disciples too were caught in the trap. After a moment of hesitation they determined to fight it out. Suddenly and for one brief moment their courage came back and they defended their Master. One of the twelve shouted, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" And without waiting for the reply, Peter drew from its hiding place under the cloak—for it was a cold spring night—a short, sharp Galilean dagger and brandishing it recklessly in the face of the mob struck a vicious blow full in the face of the high priest's servant. That strangely moving scene in the story of that last night has often been forgotten, and yet it holds a profound truth.

Malchus deserved a better fate. He had a right to better treatment than he received at the hands of the disciples. Malchus was with the crowd, to be sure, but he was not of the crowd. He was there to look after the interest of the high priest. Perhaps he was a confidential adviser or a secretary. He may never have met Jesus of Nazareth and perhaps did not even know him. Surely he had no ill will toward him. Malchus was not even a Hebrew, but a Greek as his name indicates. He had no sympathy or knowledge of the messianic hope of the Hebrew people. He was present in the garden as a matter of duty but had no further interest in the affair. If the disciples determined to fight it out they might have attacked those more actively involved in this tragedy.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM

It is strange that the disciples should have picked out a man who had really no personal interest in what was happening. It will always be regretted that Peter selected a man who had no ill will toward Jesus against whom to direct the one fierce blow that was struck. We are quite sure that he acted only on his own initiative. He struck the blow before he had an answer to his question. It was not the intent of Jesus that Peter should lift a sword. Indeed, it was the farthest from his thinking. Peter should have known better. Never did Jesus tell his disciples to fight it out with that method. For three long years they had walked with him and they should have known that the proposal of Peter would never meet with the approval of Jesus. So, against the wish of Jesus, Peter struck the blow shattering the servant's ear. If events had been permitted to follow their natural course Malchus would have walked through life forever disfigured.

Here, then, is the story of a man who was injured by coming in contact with the wrong kind of Christian. There are many people in this world whose lives are darkened, not brightened, saddened, not made more joyful, mutilated, not mended, by Christian disciples. It may seem strange and sound like a sacrilege, but the fact stands—Malchus was wounded because he met a follower of Jesus.

How often one meets this experience! You will come upon Malchus many times in the world. There are people who are hurt, wounded and scarred by the followers of Jesus. Malchus is the first, but regrettably not the last figure who has carried evidences of mutilation and injury because he came in contact with the wrong kind of Christian disciple. He stands not so much as an individual as a type; not as a personality but as a representative.

SO-CALLED CHRISTIANITY AND THE NATIONS

How true that is in the wide world of nations. The most thrilling story of the Christian church at the turn of the century was the amazing spread and the phenomenal growth of the Christian religion in the Orient. Carrying the evangel of Christian love and good will, missionaries went everywhere into the Orient welcomed and honored. They established schools, founded asylums, built colleges, erected hospitals and the Orient reverenced them and their errand of love. Then something happened which changed the whole attitude of the Orient toward Christian civilization. The oriental sent his son to be educated in this so-called Christian civilization only to return with his soul dulled, with his whole being duped and tricked by materialism and a mechanistic order, carrying back with him into the Orient ribald songs, lurid night clubs, salacious movies and cocktail bars. All this left the oriental bewildered. Then the man of the West taught the oriental the tricks of sweatshops, child labor, mass production, and he was further bewildered.

Then came the war when Christian civilization assumed leadership in the most bloody slaughter the world has ever known. Followers of Christ, kneeling before the familiar cross, hoping in the same sacrifice, leapt at one another's throats until the rivers ran red with human blood, thirteen million were left dead upon the battlefields of France, seven million were widowed and seven million more were orphaned. Then the oriental was shocked beyond words and said, "If that is Christianity I will have none of it," and turned back to the gods he had discarded and the old worn out faiths which he had found inadequate. What a pitiful story all that is—it is Malchus all over again—wounded because he came in contact with the wrong kind of Christianity.

There is something pitiful about modern Russia, the land of a thousand shadows, casting out the Christian religion; but more sad than all that is the tragedy of the Christian religion which after one thousand years of existence was not able to commend itself sufficiently to the people so that when the revolution came it was cast out with the other outworn trumperies of imperialism.

It is the story of Malchus injured by Peter. It is so in South America. What pandering and compromising there has been through the centuries on the part of one expression of the Christian faith with pagan practices and vicious customs for the sake of lucre and gain! Sickened over it all, the rising generation in Latin America has turned its back upon the church saying, "If that is what it means we will have none of it." It is the old story of Malchus wounded by the wrong kind of Christian.

How true that is in the realm of races! One of the most ominous signs of our times is the ever increasing racial antagonisms in a so-called Christian order. I never dreamed that the flames of hate would burn so

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fiercely. Never have I met it until I came here and it is hard to believe that it is true. It almost frightens one to come in contact with this race hate all about us. It is difficult to go to any dinner but what sooner or later the conversation drifts to ugly words about races. You do not have to listen long to hear someone suggesting, "We need an American Hitler." I am saying things you know exist.

RACIAL HATREDS IN A "CHRISTIAN" ORDER

When you try to analyze why these things are so, you soon discover that we are not Christian enough to live together. I can never forget the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was born of a Hebrew mother, that he was raised in a Hebrew home, that he was educated in a Hebrew school and that he attended a Hebrew church. I never lose sight of the fact that all his early disciples were Hebrews, that the early church was established by Hebrews and that the religious literature of the Christian church called the New Testament is written altogether by Hebrews except two small books. How hard it must be for those who trace their origins to those ancient people to think kindly today of Jesus of Nazareth when they see the kind of Christians who walk among them! It must be hard for Malchus to think kindly of our Lord as he comes in contact with the wrong kind of discipleship.

It is so in the Christian church. A great deal of concern is being expressed, and quite correctly, about the indifference, unconcern and open hostility of large numbers toward the church. Believe me, great testings lie in the tomorrows of our lives. The outlook for the church is neither hopeful nor rosy. It is increasingly difficult to win loyalty and support to it. In many respects the church has its back to the wall. We speak freely in criticism of this modern trend, finding fault and hurling stones at those who separate themselves from it. But you never solve problems by calling people names. Many adults today have no good will toward the church and fight clear of any support of it. But when you analyze the reasons for this and trace back the causes which prompted this attitude, how often you come upon this old story of those who were wounded by the wrong kind of Christians!

WHY THE CHURCH HAS HALTED

A brilliant American novelist has taken a vengeful dislike to organized Christianity and upon the slightest provocation, at every turn of the road, heaps upon it scorn and contumely. So insidious is this attitude that it almost frightens one. I met a friend of his one day of whom I asked why this distinguished novelist had assumed this attitude toward organized Christianity. Then I heard for a half-hour the old story of Malchus wounded by Peter. He had been reared at a village crossroads where a hymn-singing, leading layman of the village church dominating the policy and program of that church had the reputation for rent gouging, short changing and overcharging those who were compelled to do business with him. And not in one hundred years will the novelist be reconciled to a more reasonable attitude.

I know the fallacy of that argument, but the fact stands. Whether reasonable or unreasonable, Malchus is often estranged because he came in contact with the wrong kind of Christian. Ecstatic singing, lyrical utterances, impassioned contemplation, may be a menace when they are not integrated to life. Stained glass windows may keep out the light of the sun quite as much as a smoked lamp chimney. It is so easy to estrange the world by introducing it to the wrong kind of Christian. We are so free in our criticism and find fault so effectively, but have we ever asked ourselves the question, have we made it easier for them?

What keeps the kingdom of God from a more complete consummation in our day and the hope of Christ from being fulfilled is not lack of organization, or want of an adequate philosophy, or a lack in man power, but the presence of those who bruise Malchus. No one quarrels with Jesus of Nazareth and few find fault with him. His life was so matchless, his words were so clear, his character was so upright, his philosophy was so sound, his good will was so compelling—but what galls

men today is that those who bear his name wound and hurt and scar. What we need today is not more Christians, but better Christians of a different kind. It is the sight of Malchus walking with his wounds through the streets of the world that often makes ineffective the preaching of the gospel of love. We proclaim reconciliation and yet we practice revenge. Instead of healing we go through the world hurting those who might otherwise come to an intimate discipleship with him.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND RELIGION

Much is being said about and against the young people of our generation in their attitude to religion. The favorite indoor sport of those over fifty years of age seems to be to throw stones at them figuratively—and in all probability the compliment is being returned. We wonder sometimes what ails them and they in turn under their breath are apt to say things that one better not hear. At any rate many of them have no great appreciation for or loyalty to the church of their fathers. You will come upon people who have given their whole lives to the church, are ardently devoted to its enterprise and loyally support it. Yet their children will never follow in their footsteps. When you try to analyze this you often come upon the old story of Malchus wounded by the wrong kind of Christian. A young atheist meeting Henry Drummond one day said: "Mr. Drummond, do you see that man over there? He is the founder of our infidel club." Mr. Drummond said that could not be because he knew the man was an officer of the church in the village. The young man replied: "I know he is, but he is the founder of our infidel club just the same. Every man in this village knows what a humbug he is, so we have nothing to do with religion."

Obviously one is well aware of the fallacy of this logic. It is like saying we will under no condition give allegiance to the Constitution because a few men will not loyally maintain it. And yet the fact stands that many are estranged from the Christian faith because they touch the wrong kind of Christians. Somewhere down the streets of the world there walk those with darkened lives who should flame like torches, embittered souls who should walk with sweet spirits, sorrowing people who should rejoice, because they met some follower of Jesus. There are Christians in the world who do not pave the way for others, but put stones in their path; who do not make their lives easier, but increase the burdens; who do not cast rays of light, but deepen the shadows. No wonder Robert Burns wrote a poem about the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us. There goes Malchus injured because he met the wrong kind of Christian. Who is there among us who is not compelled to reply, "Lord, is it I?"

SWORD OR CROSS?

But it goes deeper than that. Not many here would question the fact that men like Malchus are often wounded by those who are Christian only in name. Yet there is more to the story than that. Peter was not a Christian just in name. He was an ardent disciple, a consecrated follower who earnestly sought to advance the kingdom of his Lord. He was not given to compromise. He took his call to discipleship seriously. While it is true that Malchus was wounded by coming in contact with the wrong kind of Christian, it is also necessary to add that he was injured because he came in contact with the wrong kind of Christianity. Peter believed in advancing the interest of his Lord. He was determined to defend Jesus. And Jesus did not quarrel with him because he came to his defense. What was wrong with Peter was the method he proposed to use to defend his Lord.

Peter employed the sword, revenge, hate. His weapon was destruction and estrangement. When our Lord saw Peter use that kind of method he quickly replied: "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." It was the method and the means Peter used to which Jesus objected. The method of Peter was a sword; the method of Jesus was a cross. The weapon of Peter was revenge; the weapon of Jesus was reconciliation. Peter said, "Kill them." Jesus said, "Forgive them." Peter said, "Let us fight it out." Jesus said, "Let us suffer it through." Peter said: "Give me a sword, let me unsheathe it and I will advance the kingdom." Jesus said: "Give me a cross, hang me on it and I will draw all men unto me."

Seemingly the method of Peter was right. The hellish machinations of Pharisaism triumphed over Jesus. The sword and hate seemed to win in that dark hour. There goes the King of Humanity with a scarlet camp mantle flung contemptuously over his shoulders, crowned with a crown of thorns, carrying his cross to an outlaw's grave. Love seemed to fail in that hour and hate to triumph.

CAN THE WAY OF JESUS WIN?

It is still difficult for the world to believe that the method of Peter can lose and that the way of Jesus can possibly win. We are proposing again to go back to the way of Peter. In the political world it is the appeal to hate and revenge that is uppermost. Swords are rattling and the smoking censers again flame. Men are saying: "Push a gleaming bayonet under the chin—so only will a new world come." We are proposing to follow the method of Peter in the economic conflict. Lockouts and strikes and class hatreds—how commonplace these things are! The debate is on again whether Peter or Jesus has the right weapons for healing the hurt of the world. Sooner or later we must choose between the method of Baal and the method of Bethlehem.

However difficult it may be to believe in the method of Jesus, no matter how certain we may be that the weapons of Peter are adequate, the fact stands that the appeal to the sword never settles an issue while the way of the cross leads to ultimate settlement. There is an interesting side to this story of the wounding of the high priest's servant. It is a singular fact that only John records the name of the servant as Malchus. He wrote his Gospel toward the close of the first century. It was the last book in the New Testament to be written. He added the name Malchus, not because of his interest in history, but because Malchus was known to the fellowship of the early church. Many had come in contact with the devotion of Malchus, never knowing how he came to be a follower of the Nazarene. It is as if John

wrote: "Peter smote the high priest's servant. You know it was our well known Malchus." The sword of Peter estranged; the cross of Christ reconciled. Peter hurt, but Jesus healed. Peter mutilated, but Jesus mended, and the way of Jesus won a disciple.

It is so today. Revenge and hate leave scars, but the cross brings reconcilation. Not Peter, but Jesus, speaks the last word. When General Grant was traveling through Europe and the Near East he expressed a desire to visit Palestine. The military leaders in Palestine and Syria sent him a message asking him if they might confer upon him as a great military figure some honor and that the presentation of this honor might be made in Jerusalem. True Christian that he was, General Grant sent back the following message: "I will permit no man to do me honor as a soldier in a land where Jesus of Nazareth died upon the cross for the redemption of the world." In the long last it is the cross that triumphs and shall win the world.

Do you know the poems of Father Tabb, that writer of lovely songs and lyrics and sonnets? Somewhere he has a poem about a boy playing ball. He is bouncing the ball here and there until at last it gets away from him and the ball goes out of bounds. Father Tabb wrote a poem on that theme concluding with these lines:

> A little boy of heavenly birth
> Comes down to find his ball—the earth
> Which sin has cast away.
> O brothers, let us one and all
> Pitch in and get him back his ball.

The Brother of the Unknown Soldier Speaks

By Richard A. Dawson

To Lieutenant Stephen A. Dawson,
Killed in Action, August, 1918

EVER since that tragic morning in the midsummer of 1918, when the official cable from the war department declared you as "missing," I have been looking for you. In the columns of the wounded I sought your name, among the exchange prisoners I looked for you. Every boat which brought wounded or unidentified mental cases to the port of St. John found me waiting, shivering, hoping to find you. In every hospital I visited I scanned the faces of the sufferers, or if the faces were shot away I examined the name on the bed praying that I might not find you there, yet looking eagerly lest I miss you.

Among the little white crosses in Flanders I plodded, yearning the while to find you peacefully sleeping among the poppies, communing with the white doves and larks to learn if they knew where you might lie. Standing on the curb of a dozen city streets I have watched a parade of the war-wrecked, that ghastly pageant of sorrow. I have looked through field glasses as the crippled and maimed have come down the street on stretchers or in wheel chairs, carried by their sons or mothers who suffered with them. The blinded, led by their heroic wives; the "smashed mugs" with half their faces blown away; the "gassed," still holding on to life despite their inevitable end; the shell-shocked with mad fear in their eyes—all these walking ghost-forms who add a grisly page to the costs of war. I was glad when the last silent stretcher passed, for I knew then that you were not among the living-dead.

And now I have found you—in the marble tomb of the Unknown Soldier—even as others have found their youthful father or older brothers. Would to God this grim old mausoleum, Westminster Abbey, smelled not so much of death, for you loved life and I despise the showy splendor of soldiers' sepulchers; but here let us stay awhile and talk as I have longed to talk for years.

I

In those happy schooldays how proud I used to be as I saluted Lieutenant Stephen in his gorgeous officer's uniform. You remember I always belonged to the "awkward squad" which never seemed to take military tactics seriously except in respect to our well polished silver buttons on our red tunics and our cocky feathered caps. Little did I think that the harmless rifle and bayonet practice of those days was conscripting our souls for a war in which our bodies were to be conscripted. From the first "unreasoning obedience" to "present arms" we presented our soul and strength on the altar of the philosophy which says, "Might is right."

It never occurred to us to wonder why they had to buy mules for war but could simply take us and force us to serve; it never occurred to us to question the right of our nation to use us as killers; and of course never a word was said about the possibility of our suffering in battle. In grandeur equal to our ancient uniforms, war was clothed with glory. Like the court of Andersen's vain king, for whom some swindlers pretended to weave a dazzling garment, we believed all we heard about the romance and heroics and nobility of war. Blinded by tradition we sold our souls to the devil clothed as an "angel of right."

I remember well the letter you sent from your university renouncing your studies for a while in order to go to war. You did not have to go, Stephen, for the bloody hand of the nation did not reach down to your age—but conscripted from R.O.T.C. days,

> Filled full and flushed with morning,
> You sang and took the sword;
> The night came without warning,
> And where is your reward?

Mother believed, like Mary, that she was giving a savior to the world. Father gave you his blessing and in those solemn minutes before you embarked for the front we sang "Lead, Kindly Light"—believing, as you believed, that you were doing the courageous, the loyal and the noble thing. I know you had no hatred in your heart, you who were preparing for service as a medical missionary; I know you loved Christ and believed what they told you about the righteousness of this war. Christ had gone to Flanders, "And in the war's red

glare you would find him there, with the sword of God in His hand."

II

What rapturous days we spent in the spring of 1918! You came home on leave as a "full-fledged flying lieutenant"; yet what a series of disillusions I had! The lyric glory of war lay buried for you in France. Eighteen months as a stretcher-bearer removing the mangled bodies of your erstwhile buddies from the barb-wired "no-man's-land"; eighteen months of mud and cold and lice and blood and brain-bespattered sandbags; eighteen months of rape and rapine, of slaughter and sodomy, of cursing and crying, of brutality and greed. During that eighteen months war became of age and put on wings of death and rained bombs on defenseless villages. You had seen the panic and pain of little children after an air raid had left them homeless and motherless and perhaps legless. You saw war go into the deep waters and with submarines sink hospital ships and freighters alike. You were there when war began to breathe out slaughter in the form of gas.

You told me of men strangled, burying their faces in mudholes to escape the fumes; you told me of men maddened to insanity by pain; you told me of the primitive gas-masks made out of your socks wet with your own urine. You saw sights from which high heaven would hide its eyes—you saw war as a revolting, indecent atrocity involving every known vice except cannibalism, not as the chivalrous romance of the troubadours of the earlier centuries. You saw war, not as the diplomats and pseudo-patriots painted it, but as the hideous monster it really is.

But the saddest of all my disillusions—you who had enlisted as a private, despite your rank, because you wanted to relieve pain and aid the sufferer, were now prepared to kill or maim any who might be within range of your bombs. You who enlisted without hate for any man had been changed by the insidious propaganda of war into a killer, ready to play the pawn in this ghastly game. You who had not inflicted a wound but had dressed thousands, were now ready to obey the war-lords and undo your merciful deeds by doing murderous ones.

For this most of all I hate war—because it changed you and millions more from brotherliness to brutality, from spiritual sensitiveness to moral murder. To be exposed to death and maimed by war is inhuman and inane, but to be commissioned and commanded to murder and maim is far worse. But what could you do? The mob psychology of war had done its work, affecting your vocation, your emotions, your loyalties and your friendships, and like a man hypnotized you became the victim of the great illusion. So back you went, an offering to the altar of the Anti-Christ, and there your consecrated body lies enveloped first in the wreckage of your airplane which the war-lords gave you to use, then in this sarcophagus of marble which the war-makers prepared for you.

III

But your shrine is a sacrilege and the inscription thereon a lie. Well did Mr. Chesterton write:

They that fought for England,
Following a fallen star,
Alas, alas, for England,
They have their graves afar.
And they that rule in England
In stately conclave met—
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet.

They told you this was a "war to end war," a war against a militarist regime in Europe. But "evil cannot be overcome with evil" and today the dragon's teeth sown in 1914 are springing up in a harvest of military threats more ominous than ever in the history of the world. Today the nation which said it fought for peace

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declares that a student must prepare for war or be kicked out of college.

They said this was a war to "make the world safe for democracy," but see the nations of the world gripped by a few autocratic dictators; see the legislation designed to curb freedom of speech; see the growing fascist ideal.

They said this was a war in defense of a weak nation, but we know it was the logical outcome of an economic system where the domination of the world's markets is the chief goal of the nations.

They said it was a war, not against the common people but against the war-lords. But while the Pershings and the DuPonts were safe in their offices pushing buttons, making memoranda and ordering men, the common people were being mowed down by machine guns and maddened by gas bombs.

They said this was a war in defense of national honor, but in reality it was in defense of the opportunities of some greedy speculators who coined millions out

of the blood and sorrow of their fellow men in Flanders. The ratio of millionaires to murdered men in the U. S. A. alone is 1 to 4. For every millionaire made during the war four American homes were robbed of their manhood and every millionaire in the world has on his hands the blood of 660 men, women and children slaughtered for his securities.

IV

Is it any wonder then, Stephen, that I continually pray: "Deliver us from evil and help me shun propaganda as I would poison, lest I be driven to forget my loyalties and professions of peace"?

When they tell me peace conferences cannot help solve the problems of war, I remember that they send only military experts to the conferences, experts who are committed to the way of war rather than the international peace pact.

When I hear a demagogue declare that his nation has renounced war, I listen with one ear to the riveting machines in the navy yards and while watching the signing of pacts I keep one eye on the flow of the nations' wealth into the pockets of the munition-makers.

When they speak of adequate security in national defense, I pray I may not be mesmerized into the delusion that warships are stronger than friendships.

When they say patriotism and bayonets are synonymous, I ask:

Who is the patriot?
He who lights the torch
from hill to hill
Or he who kindles on the heights
the beacons of a world's good-will?

Who is the patriot?
He who sends a boastful
challenge o'er the sea
Or he who sows the world with friends
and reaps a world-fraternity?

Who is the patriot?
It is he who knows no
boundary, race or creed;
Whose nation is humanity, whose countrymen
all souls in need.

V

May they never through lying or intimidation take my loyalty to God and humanity and turn it to killing. May they never use my love for home and exploit it to make me ruin another's home. May they never seeek to use my strength or spirit to gain a righteous goal by such an unrighteous method as war. May the idealism that compelled you to enlist in a cause bigger than yourself compel me to enlist in such a cause, but not in one that brings despair and disillusion. May my revulsion against such a futile, unintelligent and unchristian cause as war drive me closer to the cause of Christ. I do not ask a cause for which I need not die as you have died for your cause—but let me die rotting in some prison, exiled from my homeland, facing a firing squad or hanging on a tree with Christ rather than die on the inglorious field of battle.

Brother, may I have a heroism as high and unimpeachable as yours, which will allow me to die in the ranks of Christ as you died in the ranks of war. May I always hold firmly to my belief that "the way of Christ and the way of war are not reconcilable," and although you honestly believed you were committed to his way as you took the sword, may your spirit aid me to see that his way is the way of the cross and in bearing the cross there is a courage and loyalty and realism even greater than that of bearing the sword.

Here, twenty years after you enlisted because you loved Christ and your country, I enlist myself and pledge myself anew in love to Christ and humanity. In loyalty to my adopted country I renounce the way of war as the sacred Pact of Peace renounces it. I renounce the ways of war, yes, but in loyalty to God I avow the way of Christ as the only practical and righteous way to peace, justice and world brotherhood.

Stephen, I follow in His train.

Hold Fast the Reality of God

By John Paul Jones

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might. Let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord which exerciseth loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth. Jeremiah 9:23, 24.

"HOLD fast the reality of God," said Jeremiah to his troubled people. In such a time as this the advice is still good. It is not easy. It should not be. If lesser things achieved stand as monuments of faith and endurance we should expect it to be more so with the greatest achievement of all. To begin with, we cannot tell one another very much about how to find God or hold fast the reality of God when we have found him. We may help one another and we may hinder one another. Finding God is a very personal thing. Holding fast to him is an accomplishment each must make for himself. In greater or less degree, to be sure, we possess the same resources. Our common humanity guarantees that.

Looking back through the years I can now clearly perceive that revelations of God came to me even as a child. Out of the simple and humble experiences of my youth, with their bright hopes and their tragedies, there was a voice which spoke to me. There was revealed to the eye of the spirit the gleam which it was meant that I should follow—the same gleam that I have seen in later years. Now some who offered their help in the search for God rather hindered the process. They got in the way of the revelation. The gleam was overshadowed. Because of that I went through much confusion. I shall never forget the fiery evangelist who came to our community to tell us about God and how to lay hold upon him. He meant well enough but he

attempted too much. He was fortified with external authority and his very appearance was of such character as to inspire awe and reverence—at least in a small boy. He looked and talked differently. He spoke of God just as though he had recently come from a committee meeting where the Almighty had presided and revealed to his chosen emissaries the exact details of human duty—the things we were to do and believe without question. But the God he portrayed troubled me and left me with little understanding and much terror.

When I came to know better this lesser prophet of the Most High, I discovered that life had dealt with him in somewhat abnormal fashion. He had unhappily become fixed in his thoughts and feelings, and he had made in his own image a God for his own justification. And it was for that reason that he preached to us of a temperamental God disgusted with things generally, who hurled thunderbolts of judgment upon the earth and trapped not a few in the awful dilemmas of unpardonable sins; whose loving kindness was reserved for exceptional occasions; whose pet anathemas were cigarettes and rouge, and who would reluctantly save anybody who did not vote a straight Democratic ticket.

It is all very amusing since it has ceased to be so serious. It represents in extreme form the error we may fall into if we lean too much upon our ability to teach one another how to find God and hold fast to him.

"AS THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY"

Again, we shall always experience the difficulty of seeing as through a glass darkly. Not in this life shall we see God face to face. You may not be aware that my six year old son is exceedingly bright for his age. But if you were as aware of that as I am you would not set it down against him if he should utterly fail to comprehend metaphysical doctrines, philosophical concepts or the science of trigonometry. His child mind, however brilliant, cannot grasp such things.

So with our finite minds before the mind of God. Our thoughts are not his thoughts. His thoughts we shall not ever fully grasp. Perhaps some of you have heard Dr. Fosdick tell the story of the little girl who was fascinated by the learning process in her first days of school. She learned some things with great rapidity and each morning she awoke with a thrill. One day she said to her teacher, "Teacher, how long will it be before I know more than I do not know?" And Dr. Fosdick replies, "Ah, little girl, you will never know as much as you do not know."

It seems to me that no one can deny that this is a handicap. Knowledge is power, and the full knowledge of God by his children surely would make a difference. But that full knowledge is not a necessity else we would have been fashioned differently.

It ought to be said also for our young people and those of us absorbed by the trend of a scientific age that we must not expect too much help from science. Increase of factual knowledge does not in itself imply discernment of fundamental realities. It may be a help. It may be a hindrance. It seems quite likely that the great scientists may believe in God or disbelieve in him for precisely the same reason that a humble peasant of sound mind may believe in or disbelieve in God. Adding up information does not indicate knowledge. A mass of facts can smother the truth. It is easy to be misled by the findings of such men as Eddington or Jeans who through mathematical deductions make of God the great mathematician.

That new spirit in American letters, Donald Culross Peattie, poet, scientist and philosopher, truly says: "I do not deny that God may be the font of all resource man finds within himself. . . . But how little I would lean upon that chill God in which the physicist finds it so easy to believe—some Being that embodies the first

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and second laws of thermodynamics. Who cares for sheer bulk in God as compared with accessibility?"

What then shall a man do in such a time as this? How shall he reach through the blackness and the confusion of the hour, the uncertainty of the future, and lay hold upon that which is eternal? Remembering again that we cannot tell one another very much about finding God, some suggestions are offered for reflection. You may take them or you may cast them aside.

KNOWING GOD THROUGH PROFOUND LIVING

Surely, however, we may begin by saying that to find God and hold him one must aim at some profundity of life. Upon the sea of our existence there is a great deal of flotsam and jetsam. It is entirely possible to feed upon these things. Countless numbers of us are concerned mostly with the trivial. Things that dazzle are mistaken for beauty. Many a lie is believed in as the truth. The latent capacities of our minds lie dormant because they are unexercised. We do not give approval to the excellencies of life because we do not search them

out and find them. We take our cue from things on the surface. We subsist on tinsel and flare.

It was on a Sunday night that I came along the street from a home where a group of friends had been wrestling with an idea put forth by a great mind. We were stretching the muscles of our intellects. We were finding our emotions cleansed. We were beginning to know what it was to have our purposes clarified. The stars seemed brighter and the world fuller of meaning as I walked along the street. Out of the window I heard a voice as I passed a house: "Be quiet, Eddie Cantor is on the air." I was ready enough to be quiet, and I was also willing to give Eddie Cantor the air. Now I do not want to do an injustice to Eddie Cantor. I do not know much about him. I do not listen to him over the radio. Perhaps I should. Perhaps the people who were listening to him were doing the best thing. I could not from experience point out that Eddie Cantor will not lead one to a more profound understanding of life. But I fear that too many of the things that do claim our attention do not work in that direction. We must achieve some profundity of life if we are to find God.

FELLOWSHIP IN THE DIVINE SEARCH

We must also find the right associations. There are people who know God. There are people who hold fast the reality of God. There are people in possession of faith, hope and confidence which cannot be shaken. There are those who know in whom they have believed.

Now, if there is any way in which human beings can help one another in the search for God it is through the association of people not far on the quest with those who have passed some milestones. Not that the man who has found God and holds to him will give you a formula for doing likewise. If you should ask him how, he may look at you in a puzzled manner and have no words for an answer. But if you come to know him intimately his life will speak. Or if you ask him directly he might do as Jesus did—tell a story which contains the secret. "Who is my neighbor?" asked the lawyer of Jesus. I can imagine the Master looked at him for more than a moment. He made no answer in the usual sense. He said a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and so unfolded a story.

Now the saints of the past and the saints of today, the poets of all time, the thinkers who have remained human in their abstractions, the workers in the vineyards of human service—these know God and hold on to him. They may be found among the high and also among the lowly. Such a poet may write verse, or in some humble corner he may merely live the poetic life. The saint may be canonized or he may be unknown save to you. There is an old saying that character is caught, not taught. And perhaps it may be that, for those of us not so original in our natures, faith in and understanding of God may be caught from those who know him.

KNOWING GOD BY DOING HIS WILL

Once more, enlist under the banner of God. One may say that is easy if one knows God and holds fast to him. But how about one who is troubled or perplexed, who lacks the vital experience of God? Let me refer such an one to our text taken from Jeremiah. Notice how he pushes aside all metaphysical questions, all intellectual difficulties, all academic theologies. Says he: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, nor the mighty in his might, nor the rich in his riches. Let him rather glory in the Lord—and this is important—which exerciseth loving kindness, judgment, righteousness.

Jeremiah becomes intensely practical. He says to the troubled or skeptical, Look to the character of God, see that and understand it, and enlist under the banner, not of the omnipotent king, the great first cause, but under the Eternal Goodness, the God in whom are love and righteousness, and the judgment founded on love and righteousness. It is much the same as Jesus, centuries later, saying, "He that willeth to do the will of God shall know of the doctrine"—that is, of the full and sufficient doctrine necessary for his daily life.

Now loving kindness and righteousness are not things that exist mainly between the individual soul and God. Loving kindness has no meaning nor has righteousness except in social relationships. We are of and in one another, literally members one of another. Enlisting under the banner of righteousness, let us correct the wrongs of this world, overcome its evil, blot out its sin, rebuild the crumbling structure of our ordered life until justice and mercy and brotherhood shall become in truth the concern of our daily living. There is nothing that helps man find God or hold on to him like losing one's self in the cause of the Eternal Goodness. Many perplexing questions, although not answered, lose their urgency and fall away.

A NEVER ENDING SEARCH

Finally, expect to grow in the knowledge and the security of the Eternal Goodness. It is fatal to suppose that the problem of God and the service of God, practicing the presence of God, are questions that can be settled all at once like learning a multiplication table, so that all one has to do afterward is to refer to a past achievement.

Life is not static. The law of life is the miracle of growth. "Leave thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea." That is a fundamental requisite of all human living—the search for God as well. This will lead us to anticipate dissatisfaction with former notions and past experiences. We shall always be as was St. Paul, "counting not ourselves to have apprehended, but pressing on to the high mark of the calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Far from being troubled over this we should glory in it. It is human nature to put down pegs here and there with an air of finality. But perfection and finality are always beyond. Edward Scribner Ames tells a story profitable for our instruction. Years ago, when meditating one evening in his summer cottage, his eyes fell upon a small oil stove. It had not been many years since the first oil stove had come into use, and on the door of the stove was a plate. On the plate were printed these words: "New Perfection No. 62." It seemed absurd as he thought about it. How can perfection be new, and how can there be sixty-two qualities of perfection? But in the twinkle of an eye he understood how it happened. The first oil stoves were unsatisfactory. Then a man invented one that was so far ahead of the best yet achieved that it seemed to him perfect. He called it "per-

fection." Later on he found that even that could be improved. He called it the "new perfection." Perhaps long after he had passed away improvements were still made until it became the "new perfection No. 62."

About God we shall never, in this life, know as much as we don't know. Yet life, through faith and works, may continually enrich our experience of the Being whose ultimate perfection escapes us. It is possible for us to make the immortal words of Isaiah our own:

"Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

The Living Christ in Living Men

By James E. Clarke

If, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more so, being reconciled, shall we be saved by his life. Romans 5:10.

THE import of the subject appears vividly if contrasted with a popular interpretation of Christianity which, in its extreme form, may be thus expressed: A Dead Christ for Dead Men.

There are those who seem to think that Christianity means the faith that Jesus the Christ, by his death on the cross, did something for men by virtue of which they may win heaven when they die. Such a statement is true as far as it goes, but it gives a very incomplete picture of scripture teaching. The complete picture is given by Paul in the familiar words of our text.

Goodspeed's translation is even clearer: "We shall be saved by sharing in his life." Jesus presented, and the whole New Testament presents, not merely the picture of a dying Christ, who did something to benefit men when they die, but a living Christ who does something in men while they live, and does it by imparting that quality of life which he himself lived.

To present the Christ as no longer living is not merely the error of the thoughtless. Even men reckoned as scholars and theologians leave the same impression. For instance, Dr. Machen in one of his books, *Christianity and Liberalism,* has these words: "The plain fact is that Jesus of Nazareth died these 1900 years ago. It was possible for the men of Galilee in the first century to trust him; for to them he extended his aid. . . . But we are separated by nineteen centuries from the one who alone could give us aid. Let us not deceive ourselves. A Jewish teacher of the first century cannot satisfy the longings of our souls." It is true that a Jewish teacher cannot satisfy the longings of our souls, and Jesus was certainly a Jewish teacher. But that is not the whole truth. He was more. He was God manifest in the flesh —and God is ever living. The cross was not an end. Rather, while it was the supreme manifestation of God's love for men, it was to be followed by resurrection and by the startling evidences of an ever present Savior.

Indeed, the author just quoted, who can write such misleading words about the historical Jesus, recognizes the fact that even after the death of Jesus there remained some power which, as he expresses it, "transformed a band of mourners into the spiritual conquerors of the world." What was that power? Dr. Machen says "It was the message, 'He is risen.' " No, it was far more than a message. It was a glorious fact—the living Christ, with all power in heaven and earth. That Person, manifested in the flesh nineteen hundred years ago, did not cease to live when "the earthly tabernacle" was laid aside. He still lives and is still the divine dynamic by whom not only bands of mourners, but slaves of sin are transformed into spiritual conquerors. That is our present theme: Christ lives, and the living Christ is the only dynamic by which individual men are changed into the image of God and a sin-ridden, self-ridden social order is being transformed into the kingdom of heaven on earth. Let us study this theme more in detail.

I. CHRIST LIVES IN MEN

The first truth faced is this: Christ lives in men. Not in all men, of course. As Goodspeed translates that familiar passage in the first chapter of John: "He came into the world, and though the world came into existence through him, the world did not recognize him. He came to his home, and his own family did not recognize him. But to all who did receive him and believe in him he gave the right to become children of God, owing their birth not to nature nor to any human or physical impulse, but to God."

What was true then is true now. He does not live in all men, for some shut him out. He is still crying: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come to him." He is still offering what he offered to the Samaritan woman: "The water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water, springing up unto eternal life." He is still promising what he promised on that last day, the great day of the feast: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, from him shall flow rivers of living water." But we must not overlook the statement of the next verse: "This spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on him were to receive." In other words, these are all figures of speech illustrating the primary truth that all who open their hearts to him begin to live a new life, the very kind of life that Jesus lived in all of its fulness.

This was the great vital truth upon which Paul delighted to dwell. Of his own experience he said: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." But he did not think of himself as exceptional. He reminded the Galatian Christians that "God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts" and he said to those who seemed not to have opened their hearts to the indwelling Christ: "I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you." For the

Ephesians he prayed "that Christ may dwell in your hearts" and to the Colossians he declared that the mystery which had been hid for ages is simply this—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." Thus, throughout the New Testament runs the truth that Christ lives in men.

II. THE INDWELLING SPIRIT

The second truth we need to fix clearly in mind is this: When we say that Christ lives in men we are not affirming some new kind of mysticism but the very same fact which was known by the prophets of old—that the Spirit of the ever living God dwells in and guides and

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empowers men, if they will but let him. Back in the early days of history Pharaoh found in Joseph "a man in whom the Spirit of God is." Bezalel, builder of the tabernacle, was, we are told, "filled with the Spirit of God." The record tells how the "Spirit of God" came upon Balaam, Saul, Azariah and a host of others besides those prophets who, it is written, "spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit."

The story of Jesus is the story of one upon whom "the Spirit descended," who was "full of the Spirit," "led by the Spirit," returning from temptation "in the power of the Spirit," and declaring in the synagogue of Nazareth that the Jewish Scripture was fulfilled in him in that "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me." And the stories of the Apostles are stories of Spirit-led men. Peter went to Cornelius because of what "the Spirit said unto him"; Paul and Silas passed by Bithynia because "the spirit of Jesus suffered them not."

The idea of the indwelling Spirit of God was no new idea to the early Christians, but even the Twelve found it difficult to accept the truth that their Master could go away from them and yet be with them "all the days." Yet this is just what Jesus affirmed over and over again and he identifies himself—that is, his Spirit—with the Spirit of God. I am going away from you, said Jesus, but he added, "I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you." In that same conversation he promised "another Comforter [Helper], that he may be with you forever . . . for he abideth with you and shall be *in* you." But in the very next sentence he added: "Yet a little while and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me; because I live ye shall live also," and a moment later he declared that if a man kept his word "my Father will love him, and *we* will come unto him and make our abode with him." Then the very last words of his prayer for his disciples contained the petition "that the love with which thou hast loved me may be in them *and I in them.*" A study of these chapters of John's Gospel makes it clear that with Jesus the terms "Christ in men," "God in men" or "the Holy Spirit in men," are interchangeable terms.

These terms are equally interchangeable in the writings of Paul. Read, for instance, part of the eighth chapter of Romans, as given with greatest clarity in the Goodspeed translation: "We live not on the physical but on the spiritual plane. . . . For to be physically minded means hostility to God, for it refuses to obey God's law, indeed, it cannot obey it. Those who are physical cannot please God. But you are not physical but spiritual, if God's spirit has really taken possession of you; for unless a man has Christ's spirit, he does not belong to Christ. But if Christ is in your hearts, though your bodies are dead in consequence of sin, your spirits have life in consequence of uprightness. If the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead has taken possession of you, he who raised Christ Jesus from the dead will also give your mortal bodies life through his Spirit that has taken possession of you."

In many other passages Paul thus uses interchangeable terms. In his first letter to the Corinthians he asks: "Know ye not that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And then in the last chapter of his second epistle he asks a similar question in these words: "Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you?" He identifies the indwelling Christ and the indwelling Spirit.

Probably the reason why so many people have overlooked this identity is because of the way men have discussed the doctrine of the Trinity—as if there were three gods, instead of accepting the plain words of Moses and Jesus, "The Lord our God, the Lord is one," or the equally plain words of Paul to the Ephesians: "There is one Spirit . . . one Lord . . . one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."

Theological discussion has abounded with regard to this doctrine, due mainly to differences concerning what is meant by "substance" and by "person." We need not enter into that discussion. Suffice it to say, for our purposes, that Christians believe in just one God (not in three gods) and that they think of that one God as Father, Son and Spirit. The practical meaning is this: The character of God is that of a loving Father, ever seeking to remake men into his own likeness; what God is and what he would have men to be was just once

manifested fully in human flesh and in that manifestation he appeared among men and to men as a true Son of the invisible spiritual Father; but God ever was and still is constantly prompting, guiding and strengthening men by his spiritual indwelling, in which capacity we think of him as Holy Spirit.

It is suggestive that our "first glimpse" of God in the Bible, if we begin with Genesis, is a glimpse of God as "Spirit"—"the Spirit of God moved!" From the beginning until now the Spirit of God has continued to move—"upon the face of the waters" when cosmos had not yet emerged from chaos and upon the hearts of men from the day when man first became a living spirit. And, always, faith has meant the response of the spirit in man to the Spirit of God—from the day when Abram left his country and kindred for an unknown land to the day when Schweitzer renounced his cultured university environment to heal the bodies and souls of ignorant blacks at Lambarene in the African Jungle. The supreme heresy is to make no response to the promptings of the Spirit, for "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, *these* are the sons of God."

III. THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE

Christ in men, the Spirit of God in men, is the only hope for the redemption of individuals and of society. Do we really believe it? Alas, there is every indication that the church is suffering not from some theological heresy but from a very practical heresy—the rejection of this vital truth. Do we really so believe in the indwelling Spirit, the indwelling Christ, that we constantly seek his guidance and rely upon his power as the only way into the freedom of Truth and the fulness of life?

The church, we are told, is suffering from something akin to pernicious anemia—a deficiency in the quantity and quality of its life-blood. It is wasted, emaciated, apathetic, palsied, prostrate. Its radiance has been lost. It is unable to respond to the high call to adventurous living. Once on the march, it now lies prone by the roadside, its very life in danger. Are the prophets right? If so, why? Perhaps many know, but hesitate to say. Test this answer: We can no longer say with the whole heart: "I believe in the Holy Spirit."

What we call the Apostles' Creed was not written by Apostles, but grew gradually into its present form from a very simple early creed. But that simple early creed certainly expressed the vital faith of the Apostles, and they could have said with all heartiness: "I believe in the Holy Spirit," for a new life and a new power manifested itself among them and in them. Their occasional contacts with the visible Lord were succeeded by an abiding Spiritual Presence and, as Dr. Ernest Thomas of Canada suggests, there came to them a new illumination, an assurance that Jesus was living and accessible, and an impulse to share with others the results of their new experience. He speaks of it as an experience "in which their whole being was enhanced, and their life raised to higher planes, while within them they discovered capacity never suspected before, and persuasive power undreamed of went forth from them." Are not these our present lacks—illumination, assurance, the enhancement of life and persuasive power? They were "aware of being controlled by a dynamic Presence." Are we? They believed *in*—not just something about—the Holy Spirit. Do we?

As men were guided and empowered of old, they may be guided and empowered today by that indwelling Presence variously called "the Holy Spirit," "the Spirit of God," "the Spirit of Christ." To each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal." But what if we refuse the gift? We may be, we should be, "led by the Spirit of God." But what if we refuse to follow the Guide? Let him, and he "shall teach you all things," "he shall guide you into all the truth." But what if we dismiss the teacher? The real, though hidden, heresy of our day is that so many "resist the Spirit," "grieve the Spirit," "quench the Spirit"; and that this attitude toward the Spirit is the unpardonable sin because it shuts out the only power that can transform life.

Listen again to the solemn words of Paul: "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." It is merely a different way of saying what Jesus himself taught, which teaching is thus summarized by John: "God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life." Not by creed, not by rite, not by ceremony, not by institutions, but only by the Living Christ in living men can there come the new creation and the abundant life. Hence the true church cannot possibly be any one of the many sects which claim to possess the whole truth but, rather, it is that body of men, of variant views, in whom the Spirit of Christ is the dominant spirit of life. Such a church is literally "the body of Christ."

NOT BY CREEDS, BUT BY THE LIVING CHRIST

We who call ourselves Christians agree, probably without a dissenting voice, that our business, individually and collectively, is to extend Christianity. But what do we mean by "Christianity"? The word carries several meanings. To extend Christianity may mean merely to extend an institution—the Christian church, with such rites and ceremonies and customs as this group or that considers essential to that institution. Again, to extend Christianity may mean little more than to increase the number of those who accept as true a certain system of doctrines and precepts. But in the vital sense, Christianity means much more. It means a certain personal attitude toward God and a certain ethical attitude toward other men, both of which, according to the Scripture, grow out of a spirit of love, to God and men—that spirit which is "born of the Spirit," the very spirit manifested supremely in Jesus Christ.

And it is only by the cultivation of the Christ Spirit in the hearts of men that we can ever succeed in accomplishing the task to which we are called. That task is the establishment of the kingdom of heaven—the realm of God—upon the earth. What we must learn is this: The kingdom comes only as the Spirit of Christ rules in the hearts of men.

How prone we are to depend upon something without, rather than upon a new and a right spirit within. No kind of a "New Deal" will ever make a new earth. It takes not a New Deal but a new birth. Yet, every-

where men are crying: Give us a new method, a new policy, a new agency, a new society, a new form of government, a new economic system and all of our human problems will be solved. No, they will never be solved until the cry becomes that of the sincere penitent of old: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"LET THE STRANGER IN"

While some systems are doubtless better than others, almost any governmental or economic system will work fairly well if only we can produce in men the right kind of spirit; but the most perfect scheme will fail without that spirit. Do you remember the message which came through Zechariah? It was a message which came to Zerubbabel, governor of Judah, and to Joshua, representative of the priesthood; hence, a message to both state and church: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts."

The message of that day is the message for our day, and for the simplest and best reasons: It is only as a result of the indwelling Spirit that there can ever be manifested among men those qualities which are essential to world-wide brotherhood and peace. The works of the flesh! Yes, we know them still—"uncleanness, strife, factions, envying, drunkenness, revelings" and all the rest; but over against them are described those characteristics which alone will bring the utopia of which men have dreamed—and they are all "the fruit of the Spirit." "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such there is no law."

Shall we accept the truth and act upon it? The world's supreme need, the world's only hope, is the living Christ in men.

Not by the might of maddened men,
Not by the statesman's shrewdest scheme,
And not by reason's clearest ken
We realize life's golden dream.
For kings will rise and fall in vain,
Exploiting greed still take its gain,
New knowledge bring increasing pain,
Till Christ rules the hearts of men.

But if men truly "let the Stranger in," what then? Why, then, "if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they have become new." And as the Christ Spirit dominates the hearts of men we shall realize the old promise—"new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

THE permanent barriers to trade which have been set up to combat the economic depression have intensified egoism and increased the latent state of war.

Self-sufficiency and nationalism going beyond all reasonable bounds maintain the evil, and distrust and suspicion are accentuated. Hence the policy of intense rearmament and the absorption of capital and energy in unproductive undertakings. Rearmament has brought in the necessity of obtaining raw materials at all costs, with a policy of forced exportation which has thrown the international market into confusion.

SAAVEDRA LAMAS.

The Unbroken Succession

BY ROGER EDDY TREAT

"I long . . . to . . . have the perfect happiness of being reminded of your genuine faith, a faith that was seen first in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice; I am sure it is in you also. For this reason I would remind you to rekindle the divine gift that you received. . . ." II Timothy 1:4-6 (Goodspeed).

IF there be a better statement of the part mothers play in passing on the torch of faith undimmed than our text supplies, I do not know it. If there be a better text for our consideration on Mother's day, I cannot recall it. It is essential that we make and keep the central meaning of the day spiritual. This text is remarkably suited to that purpose.

The observance of Mother's day has arisen within the memory of most of us. Twenty years ago it was not in the calendar of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons. One is certain that today there is not a community in this country, no matter how small, some of whose people will not observe May 9 in memory of their mothers. The fact that three years ago the Post Office Department issued a stamp with a reproduction of Whistler's famous portrait makes us aware that Mother's day is a national day. And, on looking further, we learn that in 1914 Congress adopted a resolution and the President issued a proclamation fixing the second Sunday of May as the date for this annual observance.

But none of this explains why Mother's day should have so largely caught the imagination and enlisted the interest of people. There are those who make the florists, the confectioners, the publishers, the telephone and telegraph companies responsible. None can deny the potency and effectiveness of their efforts. These interests, and others, have also sought to bring into vogue the keeping of the second Sunday of June as Father's day. At very best, they have been met with but indifferent success. I do not believe the reason is far to seek. The very word mother evokes a train of sentiments which are anything but maudlin or mawkish, while a similar use of the word father leaves us unmoved. Motherhood, and not fatherhood, is central to the significance of any home.

THE MOTHER IDEAL

However, it is not enough to say that emotion alone explains the peculiar quality and degree of reverence we have for mothers and for motherhood. It is because in the woman who most truly deserves the name mother, and who most closely fulfills the ideals of motherhood, there are beautiful virtues and sacred values which the race knows must be kept at all cost. Men may be low in ideal, vulgar in thought and life, but, no matter how low they descend, they know that the future of the race, both physically and spiritually, primarily rises or falls with the purity and nobility of the mothers of men.

Yes, and I believe most men will go even further than this. They will testify, in their best moments, that they

find their emotion toward the ideal mother one with the highest religious emotion they know. Thus even the zealous and uncompromising Protestant can view as understandable the unique place his Roman Catholic brother accords Mary, the mother of Jesus. Every true mother brings within the focus of human observation qualities of heart and life which can have their source only in a kindred compassion and purity and selflessness at the heart of the universe. How much more must this have been true of Mary of Nazareth! Though we may not clearly sense the fact, and would shrink from admitting it, there lies behind our cheap and cursory observance of Mother's day a vague consciousness that somehow upon the face of our mother, and in the heart that smiled through it, we beheld a glory that had its springs in the Eternal Heart.

In part, at least, this explains why men check their blasphemies, curb their profanities in a woman's presence. Also, at least in part, it explains the terrible sense of shock with which we hear women swear irreverently, or speak obscenely. This explains, at least in part, why habits of conversation and conduct common among careless men are so abhorrent when met with in women. To be sure there is inconsistency in such thinking, from one point of view. Certainly this attitude smacks of the double standard of morality. Admit that what is sauce for the goose should also be sauce for the gander. Grant all you will, and you will still be left with what testifies eloquently to the high place that women in general, and mothers in particular, hold. Men want women to be feminine in the most worthy sense of the word; they regret it whenever equality between the sexes is construed to mean similarity of behavior. They do not want woman to descend. They want her to be worthy, as nearly as she can, of the ideal in terms of which they think: purity of thought, of speech, of aspiration, of life. In observing Mother's day, men are paying high though silent tribute to the place women and mothers both should and do hold.

"*THE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER*"

Dr. John Hutton has a very beautiful passage in his book, *Discerning the Times*. He is talking about his reasons for going to church. In doing so, he declares a truth which embraces within its scope the whole of our best relationship to life and duty. Hear these noble words:

"For many a year now, and since I attained to something within myself which I take for wisdom, I have been in no mood to give reasons to myself or to any outsider as to why I go to church, any more than I give reasons why I wish to go home. I simply feel as the man in the Seventy-third Psalm felt when he repelled the disintegrating voices of the world of his own day: 'If I should speak the low language of the world, I should offend against the generation of Thy children: I should have to turn the portrait of my mother with its face to the wall.' "

"The portrait of my mother" not only upon the wall of your room but also upon the wall of your mind and heart, upon the wall of that inner holy of holies in each of us. Mother's day should not come and go without causing each of us to sit down before all those portraits, remaining there until we rise, ready to do something about their cumulative effect.

A number of years ago there appeared in one of our popular weeklies the experience of a middle-aged author who had made his way one empty, rainy afternoon to an old trunk in the attic. There alone he began to pore over the keepsakes of the long ago. He chanced in the course of his rummaging to come upon a photograph of himself taken in his early 'teens, forgotten through the intervening years. Taking the picture in his hands he sat down to look soberly and steadfastly into that boyish face. He allowed recollection to do its perfect, though painful, work. Little by little he thought himself back

ROGER EDDY TREAT

through nearly twoscore years until he could recall how that boy, looking up at him in that portrait, felt. He remembered what he thought, what he hoped, what he dreamt, what he highly resolved regarding himself and his world! Then he thought of himself as he now was, passing the crest of life. He took quiet account of stock, noting one by one the points at which that lad of long ago had been denied and betrayed, forgotten, even outraged, by the man he grew to be. And the writer went on to say how, before he knew it, great tears of honest regret and apology fell from his eyes upon that lad's pictured face. Choking back his emotion, he there and then resolved to make amends, vowing to keep faith once more with that lad of years ago.

Something like that is the mood and the conduct in which Mother's day, when seriously kept, should issue. Is that too sentimental for our practical workaday world? If so, the more's the pity if our hearts are so dead. After all, the most potent influence we shall ever meet is that of goodness incarnated in another who be-

lieved, or believes, in us. And who is in doubt as to what ideals of rectitude and strength people strove to implant in us in that near, or faraway, home of our youth? What examples of self-respecting decency and industry, of common honesty and reverence, were there set us? If you have forgotten, I wager that half an hour of sober reflection will recall them vividly. There were ideals which were negative as well as positive; the things from which we should refrain as well as those we should do. Think of the hopes and dreams, the wishes—yes, the prayers—of which you and I were the objects.

WANTED—A RETURN TO FIRST PRINCIPLES

Sit down with yourself, now, as that writer sat down with his picture in the attic. Ask yourself if you have even tried to keep faith with all that was done for you, and hoped of you, in that old home, even though you could never have fulfilled all of them in a score of lifetimes. In doing so we shall have painful moments, for who of us must not, if honest, think of the careless indifferent preoccupied years which have intervened?

I know I am saying something which many will consider stuffily old-fashioned. Who would not welcome a wholesale return to ancient principles, to first principles? Our mothers would have said very simply that they did not wish us to be great so much as they wished us to be good sons and daughters of whom they need never be ashamed, men and women whom others would trust and upon whom they could lean. They wanted us to be honest, free from deceit and double-dealing. They wanted us to be clean in thought, in speech, in life. They wanted us to be kind, never adding willingly to the pain of the world, helping to heal its hurts at every turn of the road. They wanted us to be reverent, viewing life as a trust, character as an obligation, stewardship of all life's privileges as a solemn obligation.

Indeed! and knowing how readily life descends, our mothers would always have us aspire, to hitch our wagon to the highest star, to do everything to force life to move upward and offset its natural downward pull. They would have us sense our God-given privilege, as parents and homemakers, not only to know the sweet sacrament of human affection, and play our indispensable part in the ongoing of the race, but, through the love there experienced, to come the better to understand the Love that God is and forthshow him in and through that home.

Then, finally, we must see that these mothers of ours, knowing how exacting were all their hopes and dreams, knew that they could only be approximated when motivated by the mightiest and loftiest impulses. Consequently, they did everything in their power to make religion real and compelling for us. They did not view religion merely as an element of polite living, part of every gentleman's and gentlewoman's code of belief and practice. They would have been the first to say that without vital religion, sincerely held and practiced, all the rest falls to pieces, becomes remote and negligible.

OUTGROWING THE CHURCH

Consider the price of fidelity to the practices of Christianity they paid that it might be real, compelling, indispensable for us! We look back upon their churchgoing and say its chief motive was obedience to convention; that, then, everyone went to church and therefore they had to go or lose caste. Some may have gone from such low motives, but they were not many. Our parents did not go to church to win the approval, or to avoid the censure, of their neighbors. They went because they knew religion to be both vital and essential and they paid the price of making and keeping it both real and indispensable for themselves and for us. We should be everlastingly grateful for this fact.

If our belief in and concern for the faith of our parents is not strong, we know who is most liable to blame for the situation. Oh, I know, the men and women who rationalize their defection on the basis of "too much religion and churchgoing" in their youth. We have met the man who prates of having been "gospel-hardened" or who believes he went to church sufficiently in his boyhood to last a lifetime. Yet, never have we met such a person who did not state this fact with a hang-dog air and a wistfulness in the very tone of his voice. He knew that, even while he was speaking, he was betraying something deep and great for which his home had always stood—something his home would be the richer for possessing! He was even then being weighed in the scales and found wanting!

WE MUST PAY THE PRICE!

Oh, these easy, subtly demoralizing days, when we expect to be freed from labor and drudgery, from pain and discomfort! We expect to buy the ageless benefits, for which all who have gone before us have paid the top price of discipline and devotion, across some bargain-counter, by some legerdemain or short cut. Although others "climbed the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil and pain," we are certain we can find a smooth and level road to the same goal. Our parents paid too well, much too well for their faith. Their peace and joy came too dear.

What fools we are! What right have we to claim exemption? Why should we expect the prizes of life at a discount? "Whosoever would come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." There are pronouns of the third person in that verse which need to be taken very much to heart by each of us. Whoever would have the prize must run the race. Christ could not do it for us; our parents could not do it for us.

If we would find the joy and peace our parents knew and craved for us, we must pay its price even as did they, we too must stand in the unbroken succession of those who walk the narrow and steep, but high, road through life, along which first went One whose feet were pierced.

We none of us know what we can do. The labor which appears hard to us today will be easy tomorrow if we attempt it; then let us go on to something more, and when, by God's help, we have accomplished it, we will seek after something higher still, and never be satisfied until we have achieved all that holy love can produce from us. Loved as we have been by our Lord Jesus, and professing to be the possessors of a spiritual and secret life of divine origin, let none of us be idle.

C. H. Spurgeon.

The Spirit Within the Wheels

By Carl H. Elmore

And I looked, and behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and fire infolding itself . . . also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. . . . And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. Ezekiel 1:4, 5, 15-21.

IN one of our recent expositions, the feature of special interest was called the Court of Lights. This was a great square around a central tower, the whole studded with millions of incandescent bulbs of various colors, arranged in striking designs. When the hour of darkness came, the court was always filled with an eager crowd of people, who watched the lights come on, first one here and there, then in gleaming patterns, then in racing arrows along the building and up and down the tall tower until finally with a blaze like that of midday, the whole place shone forth with almost unimaginable brilliance. A visitor who witnessed this performance tells us that his first thought was, What a miracle of mechanical achievement! Then an official took him to the control room behind the scenes, and there he saw a man in overalls who was putting on the whole show. By pulling this switch and that, he produced the entire effect which seemed automatic from the outside. And then the second thought came to him that our age of science, with all its incredible accomplishment, in the last analysis depends upon the human element for its effective performance. Whether the lights in the court come on promptly, whether they appear in proper sequence, whether they shine with the desired brilliance, all depends upon the kind of man who stands in the control room—his character, his integrity, his skill.

THE CURSE OF IMPERSONALITY

Now it may seem a long leap from this modern situation to the vision that came to Ezekiel, but it is exactly this that I would have you attempt right here. I don't pretend to understand all that the prophet was talking about; I question if he did himself. It is evident, however, that he is trying to portray a better and happier world than the one he knows; and just as in the maze of a cubist picture the humble observer fastens his eye gratefully on some familiar object like a flower or a bracelet which shines out of the general confusion and seems to vindicate his sanity, so in this tumult of words we can seize on one clause at least which possesses vital meaning to this or any other generation: "The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." In other words, the prophet says that wheels of themselves are not the answer to our problem. The success, the effectiveness of the wheels, however huge, however numerous, however skillfully articulated, depends upon the kind of man behind them. Putting it another way, we shall never achieve our desire for another and happier era through science or through efficiency of mechanization or organization. Progress is fundamentally a spiritual proposition; it concerns what takes place inside a man. Let us be still more daring, and say that our only hope to preserve the worth and power of the social and economic agencies we cherish today is to make those agencies more human.

If this be true to any degree, then the most seriously threatening force in all our modern civilization is impersonality, the dehumanizing of those noble qualities of heart and mind which are the finest achievement of our race. I do not need to inform you that this process is actively in operation; today it is apparent to the most casual observer. There is something about the American temperament that makes us think instinctively in terms of efficiency rather than of the people concerned. As someone has said, if two of our fellow countrymen were cast away on a desert island, they would immediately call a meeting from which one of them would come away president, the other secretary and treasurer. Faced with a problem, we naturally organize to meet it, and if possible, find or invent machinery to accomplish the work in hand.

SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT

The climax of this tendency of ours is reached in the complaint of the employee in one of our great automobile plants that he was only "Bolt No. 47" in that concern. His life's work was the thrusting of a metal pin into the right hole in the uncompleted car as it moved by him on the assembly line at a speed calculated to test the last grain of his mental and physical endurance. Sometimes, as we survey the labors of our production engineers and research laboratories, it would seem as though it were our national ambition to standardize and mechanize, to reduce as nearly as possible to automatic perfection every process of life from childbirth to burial. It is at once our strength and our weakness as a people.

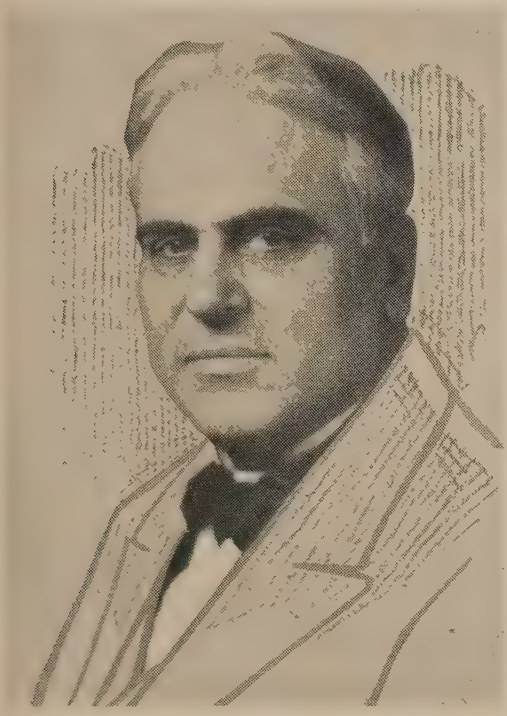
Not less significant among these forces which make life increasingly impersonal is the accomplishment of modern science. So accelerated are all the facilities of communication, so systematized and coordinated all the phases of operation, that our industrial organization has evolved into mammoth concerns with ramifications extending the length and breadth of the continent. The individual employee feels utterly lost in this huge maze, an inconsequential cog or rivet in a colossal fabrication. A generation or two ago in American business the boss could call every workman by name; today that workman never sees the boss—the nearest approach he can make to the central authority is the manager upstairs, whose tenure of office in turn is entirely determined by the preponderance of red or black in the yearly financial statement. The man down below is convinced that so far as he is concerned the owners do not know or care anything about him at all. I am not telling you any new thing when I say that this is the basis of a large part of our labor trouble.

That is, partly at least, why industry in some quarters is becoming more and more a continuous warfare between trade unions on the one hand and boards of directors on the other. And constantly working, day and

night, science continues to make possible, almost inevitable, larger corporations, more gigantic operations, more impersonal relations between ownership and labor.

THE TREND TO THE CITY

Quite as much to be reckoned with in our modern civilization is the urbanization of our population. I have no time for statistics, but we can see with our own eyes that year after year increasing numbers of people are leaving farms and villages and packing into our large cities. The temporary reversal of this tendency during the depression is too small a matter to be considered. Now all sociologists agree that life in our modern cities



CARL H. ELMORE

is apt to be a demoralizing experience. When we become so hardened that an accident on the streets involving loss of life or limb to some other human being means nothing more than an inconvenient blocking of traffic; when the visit of the doctor to the apartment across the hall from ours does not even arouse our curiosity, much less our sympathy; when signs of mourning on the house next door are scarcely noticed as we hurry past—then something vital to human welfare and happiness is dead in our breast. When people live without any sense of responsibility for the community of which they are a part; when they dwell side by side with no exchange between lip and lip or heart and heart; when they allow the great word "neighbor" to become obsolete in their vocabulary, then many of those hopes and incentives which have encouraged the spirit of man to endure and to struggle are inevitably extinguished.

We were human beings meant to live with others in love and faith and loyalty, to breathe in good will and friendliness and sympathy as we breathe the air about us. A dehumanized existence simply starves the spirit within us. No real man can be conscious of such a process taking place within him and not rebel against it.

We are confronted today as a race by critical issues which involve our future on this earth. Peace or war, democracy or the totalitarian state, capitalism or socialism—these are obvious problems of destiny which must soon be settled; but perhaps we fail fully to realize that here also this matter of impersonality, the treating of people as things, is an even more deadly menace to our plans and dreams for a better tomorrow. Here is a challenge that carries through in some way to every one of us. Our program in this country, as far as one can see, seems to be just wheels, larger wheels, more intricately connected wheels. Still stands true, however, that ancient word of the prophet. In any realization of a nobler order of society, the spirit of the living creature must be in the wheels. If this country of ours goes on the rocks it won't be because we haven't brains enough or skill enough. Our wreck, if it comes, will be because the spirit fails to be in the wheels.

We live in a most significant epoch of history. Something new is stirring through the world today; the masses long exploited, long ignored in the affairs of men are awaking to self-consciousness. They are sick of the sort of world they have had to live in. They are tired of being treated by those up above as negligible digits. They begin to realize their own worth and strength. What we see happening in Mexico and Russia and Spain is only the first rippling advance of a tide in human affairs which will rise higher ere it reach the flood. It seems effectively dammed in countries like Germany and Italy, but it piles up behind those obstructions with a rapid augmenting power. It sweeps far afield in Egypt and India and China. It boils up here in our own country, in labor unions that increasingly dominate our legislative bodies, in strikes like those of recent months. The common man is through with being treated impersonally; he demands some brighter, happier place in the sun, he insists upon consideration and recognition in the affairs of the world.

Societies, governments, organizations of industry, that are not prepared to deal humanly with this person had better look to themselves. There is only one way to meet the temper which obtains today among the toiling masses, and that is to get the spirit of the living creature into these wheels which we have so skillfully elaborated and so hopefully expanded.

THE "NEW" DIPLOMACY

Diplomacy and statesmanship as generally practiced today have reduced the world to the level of an armed camp. The one bright spot in the economy of nations today seems to be the spirit of cooperation and agreement now prevailing among the republics of the Western Hemisphere. The conference at Buenos Aires may have been the dawning of a new day in international relationships; and yet we have only to look back a few years to a time when there was such bad blood between our country and our Spanish-speaking fellow Americans that it was difficult in an assembly of this sort to prevent open violence. What has so completely changed the feeling that formerly obtained? The Secretary of the American Peace Society told some of us in a men's discussion

group that it all went back to the attitude of a member of this congregation, Dwight Morrow, when he was sent as our representative to Mexico. He refused to be the typical diplomat, bound by forms and traditions; he conducted all his business with the Mexican officials as one man talking to another man, a friendly man meeting more than half way any approach on the part of the other. "That," said the secretary of the peace society, "simply electrified the whole Latin-American world, and was the beginning of what promises much for the future."

It was Cavour, I believe, who said once in a council of statesmen: "If we did as private citizens what we now propose to do as ministers of state, we should all be great rascals." Those words illuminate for us the cause of the old diplomacy's futility, and the essential principle that must animate the new; an exchange between decent men; the word that comes honestly from one heart and is received as honestly by another.

The more I study our national problems, the more I see that the proposition we face here at home is not so much whether we are to have capitalism or socialism, whether we are to be a republic or a soviet or a monarchy; it is just this one issue—how can we create and maintain in our country a government that satisfies the common man, that gives him the conviction that those in authority are friendly to him, interested in his welfare, anxious to bring to him every advantage? Can we get the spirit of the living creature into the wheels?

THE TYRANNY OF BIG BUSINESS

Coming even closer home, I do not believe the real issue today is between small business and big business; it is between business that is human and business that tries to conduct its affairs on the basis of an impersonal efficiency; business that considers it good policy to drop from its pay-rolls, at fifty or sixty, men who have given faithful years of service, merely because a younger man may be secured for less money; business that thinks it can buy faithfulness and good will as it buys commodities; business that makes the profit column its thermometer of success and forgets to list among its assets honor and good faith and sympathy; business that crowds on sail for expanding ventures without giving to the man down below someone in the management to whom he can talk face to face, someone who can say an appreciative "Well done!" when he has given his best—that sort of business had better look to itself.

In the sort of world we confront today you must give this man down below, daily growing more conscious of his power, something he can be loyal to, something that vindicates his self-respect, something that rouses and holds his enthusiasm. You must in short convince him that the man upstairs knows and cares about him, that somewhere back of the wheels there is the spirit of a living creature, or else the price you may have to pay for refusal—as history records such payments—is something unpleasant to contemplate.

But let us carry this whole matter over into the fields of religion. Among the most appalling phenomena of the past twenty years are the tragic reverses that have come to the Christian church in countries where it seemed impregnably established. In Russia and Mexico and Spain, the common man has risen in his power and toppled it over because to his mind the church is an organization that exists for its own selfish purposes, and is more interested in altars and copes, in services and ceremonies than in the needs of the multitude; because to him it has become a narrow, ingrown cult and ceased to be an adequate expression of religion which is the life of God in the souls of men; because, to quote again our formula, it has spent itself upon wheels and forgotten to keep alive the spirit of the living creature in those wheels.

THE PLIGHT OF THE CHURCH

So far, we have been more fortunate in this country of ours; we have not yet, as church members, brought down upon our heads the wrath of the masses, that growing power in national affairs; but when we hear the voice of toiling multitudes complaining bitterly that the church in America is a capitalistic tool, that it caters almost exclusively to the middle class and adopts a shrewd policy of safety first, that it is more concerned in doctrinal and denominational squabbles than in social justice, more anxious about its budget than about ranging the highways of neglected humanity to seek and to save that which is lost, we do well to read the signs of the times. I am not predicting a revolution which will overthrow the church, or anything of the kind. I am merely saying that if organized Christianity wants to remain a vital dominant force in our national life, it had better mend its ways. It had better think more about its responsibility to the unchurched masses than about stately buildings and sumptuous orders of worship. It had better become more concerned about its heart and less about its creed.

I am not willing to leave the matter there; let us face it as it applies to our own local church. We have almost incessant activities beneath our roof; we are trying to put on a program that will appeal to all types and ages of people; but is it after all just wheels? Or is there something behind it all, a spirit which makes those who share in these activities exclaim in the face of disaster, "God is our refuge and strength, therefore will we not fear"—something that brings to the grief-swept soul the strong comfort, "this corruptible shall put on incorruptibility"; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory"—aye, something that lifts from the deepest heart of the sin-sick prodigal the cry, "I will arise and go unto my Father and I will say to him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight"?

THE TEST OF A CHURCH

In the work we are trying to do in this community, have we got the spirit within the wheels we spin so busily? That is the test of any church that hopes to maintain a place of influence in the community. If it would increase in power and reach it must meet the inmost needs of the people whom it serves. It must challenge them, inspire them, bring them into the supreme Presence. It must lose itself in service to those outside in the highways and byways, ministering to those whom Jesus called "the least of these my brethren."

The other day I attended a city church which to my certain knowledge had about fourteen hundred members twenty years ago. In talking with the pastor, he told me that there were today, after absorbing another church, only about six hundred. Is that to be the history of this church? Will it hold a diminishing place in the respect and affection of the people on this hillside? Will fewer turn to it in the years to come? Within its parish will it come to seem an insignificant matter whether one belongs or does not belong? That all depends, my friends, on whether we can maintain the spirit within the wheels—mere wheels in themselves must fail. I would lay this responsibility on your hearts and consciences today, as I humbly seek to face it myself, offering our good intentions and faulty deeds to him whose strength is made perfect in weakness.

Funeral March of Youth

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, tramp . . . left, right, left, right. . . . Hear the little feet? . . . It's a grim rhythm—the measured tread of the children of Europe, marching as to war.

Step by step, country by country, the youth of Europe is being swallowed up by the insatiable State. Now the Polish boys are to follow the Germans into labor camps as a prelude to conscription for military service.

The Austrian government is combining two separate youth organizations into one, the Austrian Youth Folk, which is expected to put all boys from the age of eleven to eighteen into uniform for purposes of sport, military drill, and political education. These moves follow the lowering of the conscription age in Russia and the extension of military service in Germany. The purpose is to insure that no boy escapes training for war.

Yesterday one might have asked whether the democratic states would be obliged to follow this lead. Today France supplies the answer. A bill is about to be introduced into the French Chamber providing for compulsory physical training for boys and girls from six to twenty-one. While it is not proposed to make this training as frankly military as the German, it is "pre-military" nonetheless. The aim is to adapt French youth to the "new trends" by beginning to prepare them for army service in the elementary schools.

Over increasing areas of the world the young are being regimented as they have not been since the days of ancient Sparta. All the autocracies begin as youth movements. Not only do the youth organizations of Russia, Germany and Italy take an entire generation from the earliest age and educate it for war rather than for peace, but this generation is brought up to regard itself as the bulwark and the property of the regime.

The child goes into political and pre-military training at the same time—when he starts to school. For years he is drilled to serve the State. His sports are not for exercise and his games are not for fun, but to develop a husky communist, nazi, or fascist. By the time he matures, from eighteen to twenty-one, he is completely taken over by the government for full-time training.

The marching youth are paying the highest tax of all to support the new systems. They are paying their youth. For what the youth levies mean is a levy on the best years of life.

These are irreparable losses for the young and for the world which they fertilize and renew. There is no "Ersatz" for youth. The lost Spring can never be recovered. For those who remember the fresh freedom of the morning hours, there is no sadder sight today than the lengthening regiments who march on without knowing that their parades are the funeral march of their youth. —*From the New York Times.*

A Pastoral Prayer

By Robert F. Weiskotten

ETERNAL God, Thou art the Source of all hope and strength, and in Thee our human ways take on eternal meaning. At the beginning of a new day we yield our minds to the cleansing breath of Thy Spirit and our hearts to the warming assurance of Thy love. Lead us evermore in the way of that Truth which has been for all time revealed in the Master Life of Galilee, and in the bond of common loyalty to him may we find ourselves drawn into closer friendship with one another.

Deep in our hearts, our Father, Thou hast set a dream of universal peace and brotherhood. Keep in us, we pray, a divine discontent so long as that high vision fails of being a reality in all the ways of men. Give us the honesty to probe deeply into our own hearts and drive out all such things as keep us from fellowship with Thee and with each other. May we not embitter the brief hours of life with poisons of jealousy and hate. Free us from the ignorance, the prejudice and the selfish pride which bound us round and lead us into the more abundant life of kindly service and mature understanding.

And now as we praise Thee for the wealth of beauty which everywhere abounds, wilt Thou keep us painfully sensitive to the poverty and the suffering which can make of life a sordid ugliness. Arouse in us a passionate hate of every form of injustice or oppression which chokes out the blessings of brotherhood. Make us intolerant, not of people, but of ideas and policies which starve the bodies and cramp the spirits of men. Make us determined, O God, in the building of thy kingdom on earth!

And as Thou art our refuge and strength, wilt Thou be to us a very present help in every time of trouble. Under the hard disciplines of life may we learn that patience which alone can keep life gracious and strong. Show us that even suffering may be a wise teacher of inexpressible things. And when at last death plucks us by the sleeve and bids us follow, may our going be as a flower that folds its petals in the dew of eventide that it may be ready to show its beauty again to the morning. This we pray in the faith of Christ. Amen.

Windows For The Sermon

By Harold W. Ruopp

IT may be laid down as one of the principles of effective preaching that no one is prepared to speak on any subject until he is able to illustrate it adequately. By "adequately" I do not necessarily mean "profusely." A sermon is much more than a sequence of stories (however interesting in and of themselves) connected with "And that reminds me——." Very often one thoroughly pertinent, vivid illustration will do the work of six less effective ones.

The average human being does not think abstractly; he thinks in pictures, in the great majority of the cases those pictures being of the visual type. People simply cannot grasp vague generalities, however true they may be; they run off their minds like water off a slate. This being the case, as Overstreet puts it, "to put an idea into visual form is to increase its power. For the power of an idea depends upon two things: first, the swiftness and clarity with which it is received, and second, the ease with which it is recalled."

● *Preaching in Pictures*

One other quotation: "Obviously," says Joseph Fort Newton, "if we are to preach to the motion picture mind, we must preach in pictures, as Beecher trained himself to do, making his sermons picture galleries of the gospel. . . . One day he wished to show our right of boldness of access to God, and wrote an elaborate argument to that effect, but erased it, and painted a picture instead which no one can forget, 'God is not a thunderstorm to be approached under an umbrella.' "

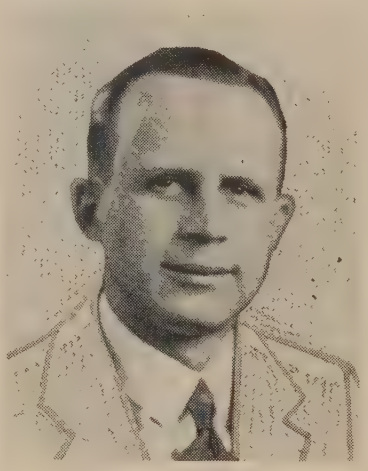
The key problem of preaching is getting—and holding—attention. One needs only to listen to preachers at the time they are speaking to observe that attention is most intense, the raptus between speaker and audience most pronounced, exactly at those points where concrete illustrations are being used, providing of course that the illustrations are being presented effectively.

I have recently made an interesting experiment which confirms the great value of illustration. More than a year ago, I preached a sermon to my morning congregation. Ten months later, I decided to repreach this sermon to the same group which had heard it before, simply in order to study the power of recall. During the week preceding the Sunday when it was to be repreached, I requested twenty persons (an above average group) to be present with paper and pencils, and as I preached to write down everything that they remembered from the sermon the first time they heard it. Results? Four or five remembered the outline, more or less accurately; *but all twenty recalled the closing and climactic illustration.* Needless to say, much has been learned from that simple experiment.

● *What Are the Functions Of Illustrations?*

We are now ready to raise the question, What is the function of an illustration? As a matter of fact, an illustration has more than one function; it has at least four.

First of all, there is the intellectual function. An illustration is like a window in a room; it lets light in. One



Harold W. Ruopp

can conceive of a house without any windows, but who would want to live in that kind of a house? On the other hand, a house cannot be, indeed dare not be, all windows; there must be adequate foundations and framework.

Secondly, an illustration wisely selected and vividly presented gives emotional toning and power to the sermon. If human beings were pure intellectual beings, we should not have to concern ourselves with this aspect of an illustration, but they are minds plus emotions (some would say, ultimately emotions). An illustration therefore may not solve something or other, but it does stand a good chance of affording an adequate, and legitimate, emotional release. Suppose, for example, one were preaching a sermon dealing with the problem of evil to a number of people facing that ubiquitous and perplexing problem. Let him try to explain it in intellectual terms and stop—and he stops short! But let him cite two or three illustrations showing how others have faced it courageously and creatively, and he is preaching with power, precisely because he understands the emotional life of those to whom he preaches.

In the third place, illustrations furnish rhythm. Attention itself is everlastingly rhythmic, changing. It never "stays put." Sermon development must therefore of necessity be the same, with its diminuendos, crescendos, climaxes. There is a rhythm of content as well as rhythm of presentation. The former is essentially a pendulum-like motion from abstraction (in the form of assertions, principles, "points") to concretion and back to abstraction again. Rhythm of presentation on the other hand is change in the intensity of vocal utterance. Neither the mind nor the ear dare be impinged at one level continuously, else the people yawn, fall asleep, or go "gathering goat-feathers in the Mediterranean."

Finally, concrete illustration vitally assists memory, not only the memory of the man who preaches, but the memory of those who listen. We remember the concrete, the specific; we tend to forget the abstract, the vague. That is one of the basic laws of memory, and the preacher would do well to remember it.

● *Some Test Questions*

1. Does the illustration really illustrate? Is to remember the illustration to remember the point with which it was associated? After all, an illustration is not an end in itself, it is only a means to an end.

2. Are there a sufficient number of illustrations to let light in, and to afford an emotional toning and release—and yet not too many?

3. Are too many illustrations used in connection with the same point so that the *movement* of the sermon is retarded, or destroyed? Movement and illustration are both indispensable virtues of the sermon; but it is possible for one virtue in this instance to become a vice simply because it gets too much in the way of the other.

4. Are they vividly set forth? Or are they too long and wordy? Excess verbiage is a weakness of much preaching, and at no point does that weakness manifest itself more than in the use of illustrations. One must learn to "bold-stroke" when he uses illustration, saying as much as he can in as few words as possible. It is possible for the leaves on the tree in the foreground of a painting to hide completely the grand sweep of the sky and the mountains in the background.

5. Are they sufficiently diversified?

Deliver us from the preacher who was a "four-letter man" in college and whose illustrations all come from athletic contests; or the preacher who has a mechanical turn of mind, and who therefore draws his illustrations from the field of applied science; or the one who exhausts his illustrative ability describing sunsets and mountain-climbing; or (most of all) the preacher who Sunday after Sunday uses the sayings and doings of his seven year old son to make his points, with occasional references to other members of the family.

● *Illustrations Out of Life*

6. Do some of them come out of human life, thereby having a pronounced "human interest" appeal? It is a rule of good newspaper photography to have a human being in every picture. We who preach might well imitate that practice.

One highly favored form of illustration is analogy. When one has finished with an analogy, however, he needs to remember that it is only an analogy, and that it is no stronger than an analogy is strong. Analogy may be a good place to begin; generally speaking, it is a poor place to end. Life finally is not like anything else; life is —life. That is why every preacher who wants to preach vitally will steep himself in biography on the one hand, and on the other keep in intimate personal contact with people. There is finally no substitute for knowing life as it is. We might all imitate the prudence of Alexander Whyte, who (so it is said) divided his library into two parts—biography and all other books.

7. Is there unnecessary moralizing of obvious illustrations? If it is a good illustration, it can stand on its own feet; if it needs to be moralized, it ought not to be used.

In this connection, it may be said that there is a psychological point where an illustration ends. To go beyond that point by multiplying more words is to destroy much of its effectiveness. Preachers especially need to learn when to quit talking.

8. Is the illustration too subtle? People who must "scratch their heads" to get the point probably will not get it. Too great subtlety always blocks attention.

● *Good Taste and Honesty*

9. Is there anything in the illustration repugnant to people's tastes and sensibilities? There is the preacher who labors under the illusion that to be realistic he must deal much with gutters, blood and garbage pails.

10. Is the illustration "romanced" so as to change its essential truth? Absolute honesty is a prime prerequisite for one using illustrations. More than one illustration has been "adapted" to a point the preacher wants to make.

11. So far as it is possible, is credit given for an illustration where credit is due? Is an experience appropriated by the preacher as belonging to him when in fact it belongs to someone else? The danger of constant repetition of illustrations is exactly that we who preach come in time to think that they actually happened to us.

In conclusion, it is to be remembered that illustrations which come most vividly within the listeners' lives, articulating their experiences, have the most enlightening and the most compelling power. It is not the bizarre, out of the ordinary, illustration which finally does the greatest good; it is that one which has been most completely experienced by tired businessmen and overworked housewives.

Power in Preaching

By George N. Luccock

WHILE there are various ways of preaching, the particular kind of preaching here under consideration is pulpit preaching. This limitation is not to minimize the importance of other kinds of preaching, such as by Christian living, Christian correspondence and Christian conversation, promoting by word and example community standards of Christian living, and many such like ways of witnessing for Christ. All such ways of exalting Christ are vital. In this article, however, attention is focused on the pulpit. The supreme urgency of these times is power in the pulpit.

Never mind competing attractions. These are greater than ever before, and they probably will increase their pull from the churches. A swing back to church attendance such as was before movies and radios and automobiles and all kinds of Sunday pleasures is not to be expected. Moreover, there is a very contagious spiritual disease, diagnosed as rationalizing the habit of omitting church attendance. Multitudes of people calling themselves Christians are not now much troubled by irregularity in church attendance. They have reasoned away the qualms always felt in the first omissions of a good habit. These, as well as the others who never gave their lives to Christ, are not to be drawn back to church attendance by a merely entertaining pulpit.

There can be no debate over the proposition that a church should be attractive. Promotion of reverence in worship is sufficient reason for that. Nonetheless, much of the weakness of the pulpit of today is directly traceable to the desire and effort to be entertaining.

Another cause of want of preaching power is under stress upon the secondary services of the sermon. These are numerous, necessary and important. One must preach upon temperance. God forgive us that we have let ourselves down in that field. A faithful preacher cannot do otherwise than preach against social wrongs and against economic injustice. God give us more wisdom and compulsion in this field. Nevertheless there is great danger that these secondary services of sermons will become so many and so preoccupying as to preclude the primary passion in preaching, which was, is now, and ever must be, nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified and risen from the dead. It is to this preaching that the promise of the Holy Spirit is specifically addressed. After fifty-six years of preaching, I am constrained to say that the only times I have felt any real power in preaching have been those rare moments of conscious and desperate crying for the help of the Holy Spirit of promise.

The Lord Christ, our Savior and our Master, is still saying, "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you."

The Presbyterian Banner.

In the area of feeling and emotion, to which appeal has finally to be made before any social response of significant magnitude can be hoped for, I think we must look to essential religion. I personally think that the most sophisticated can with intellectual assurance turn to the conviction that spiritual forces are indigenous to ultimate reality, that they are in part reflected in such conceptions as we have of justice and truth and beauty and the love of our fellow man.—*James Rowland Angell.*

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• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

BORN in the Netherlands, Rev. JOSEPH R. SIZOO was brought to America in 1891. After receiving his academic education he attended the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. Awarded his B.D. degree there, he pursued postgraduate study at Columbia. Dr. Sizoo was ordained in the ministry of the Reformed Church in America in 1910. Following a brief service as a missionary in India, he held pastorates at Waldo, N. Y., and Somerville, N. J. In 1924 he went to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C. For the past two years he has ministered at St. Nicholas Collegiate Church, New York City.

Rev. RICHARD A. DAWSON *is a son of a* Methodist parsonage in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. He received his education at Northwestern University and Garrett Seminary. During the past three years he has ministered at Vine Congregational Church, Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Dawson's brother Stephen, to whom the sermon in this issue is directed, was a student at McGill University, consecrated to medical missions, when he enlisted in the World War. After spending 18 months in ambulance service he trained for air service in England. On his first raid across the lines he was brought down, and reported "missing"; his burial place has never been found.

Receiving his B.D. degree from Union Seminary in 1925, Rev. JOHN PAUL JONES held Presbyterian pastorates in Binghamton and Troy, N. Y. Since 1932 he has led the activities of the Union Church of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a member of the editorial council of the *Presbyterian Tribune.*

Graduating from Princeton University in 1900, Rev. CARL H. ELMORE received his theological degree at Union Seminary six years later. Following special studies in European universities, he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Briarcliff Manor, N. Y. Since 1920 he has ministered at the First Presbyterian Church, Englewood, N. J.

Rev. ROGER EDDY TREAT *received his* academic degree from Harvard in 1913, and three years later Andover Seminary presented him with an S.T.B. degree. Since 1926 Mr. Treat has ministered at Bushnell Congregational Church, Detroit. Early pastorates were at East Windsor and Salisbury, Conn.

Ordained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1891, Rev. JAMES E. CLARKE held pastorates in Russellville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn. In 1904 he was made editor of the *Cumberland Presbyterian,* and he edited its successor, the *Presbyterian Advance,* from 1910 to 1934. He is now an associate editor of the *Presbyterian Tribune,* with which the *Advance* was merged. Dr. Clarke has also been a foremost leader of his church in the fields of education and interracial good will.

Rev. ROBERT F. WEISKOTTEN *is minister* of the Lutheran Church of the Epiphany, New York City.

Rev. HAROLD W. RUOPP *is professor of* preaching in Boston University School of Theology.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Your Underground Life." I Peter 3:4—"The hidden man of the heart."

EDWARD S. MORELAND, Arlington Avenue Christian, Los Angeles, Cal. "Christ Before the Supreme Court." Matt. 26:57—"And they that had taken Jesus led him to the house of Caiaphas . . . where the scribes and the elders were gathered."

C. RYDER SMITH, of England (sermon published in the *Methodist Recorder,* London). "The Agony of the Universe: the Pessimism and Optimism of Christianity." Rom. 8:22—"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Submitted by S. G. Ayres, Burlington, Vt.

JAMES H. IVEY, First Baptist, Troy, Ala. "Frozen Assets." Matt. 25:18—"But he that had received one went and digged in the earth and hid his Lord's money."

FOR YOUR SERMONS AND TEXT

Title of sermon

Text used (write out the text)

Name of minister

Name of church

Address

JOSEPH W. REEVES, North Congregational, Winchendon, Mass. "Can You Take It?" II Cor. 4:16—"I never lose heart." (Moffatt)

JOHN F. C. GREEN, Congregational, McKeesport, Pa. "Evolution Is Divine." Isa. 65:17—"For behold! I am creating new heavens and a new earth; and the former thing shall not be remembered, nor brought to mind; but men shall rejoice and exult forever in what I create."

ROBERT L. STUBBS, First Congregational, Western Springs, Ill. "Outside the Law." Gal. 5:22, 23—"The harvest of the spirit is love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control:—there is no law against those who practice such things."

DONALD B. TARR, Methodist, Jewett City, Conn. "The Greatest Decision Ever Made." Luke 22:42—"Not my will, but thine be done."

GEORGE A. WARMER, First Methodist, Santa Ana, Cal. "We Pray—for What?" James 5:16—"The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

J. S. DECKER, First Methodist, Danville, Ia. "The Sign of the Cross." John 19:37—"They shall look on him whom they pierced."

ELMER B. WHITCOMB, Westminster Presbyterian, St. Joseph, Mo. "Where Shall Security Be Found?" Heb. 6:18-20—"The hope set before us: Which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and steadfast and entering into that which is beyond the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THEY may be old men, those nine justices, but a majority of them, at least, have not lost touch with contemporary America. Their decision in the Wagner law cases has made it pretty difficult for the President to push his scheme to add six new judges.

Supreme Court Still Alive!

But somehow I have never been fully persuaded that he really expected to have his proposal carried out in the form in which he offered it. I have had an irrepressible suspicion that it was essentially a strategic move. At any rate it is accomplishing two of Mr. Roosevelt's purposes even while it remains suspended in mid-air. It has put congressmen and senators, the newspapers and the general public, on record in favor of a constitutional amendment to allow the New Deal legislation to be enacted. That end could hardly have been attained by directly asking for an amendment. Even so, it does not yet appear that one can be formulated upon which the required majority in Congress and three-fourths of the states can agree. But it is something to get opinion crystallized in favor of it. The other effect has been to limber up the Supreme Court. Few people expected the kind of decision which the court handed down in the labor cases. There can be little doubt that the justices were at least partially actuated by the motive of saving the court's prestige, rather than assure the success of the packing proposal by rendering a reactionary decision. At any rate, the artificialities of state lines no longer bar the nation from dealing with its industrial conditions as a whole. As it stands, congress now has power not only to legislate to protect labor, but also to protect industry against unfair practices by labor unions. That seems to be fair and to mark progress.

The Book of the Month

THE BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION OF A CHURCH. *By Robert Cashman. Willett, Clark & Company. $1.50.*

IT is a long time since I was pastor of a church, and naturally I am not given to reading many books on the technical side of the pastor's work. But when my friend, Robert Cashman, published this book, I started to read it for his sake, and kept on for the sheer intriguing pleasure of it and the common sense with which its pages are packed. Cashman is the best disciplined man I know. He knows how to make every moment count. His desk is never left with anything on it at the end of the day. He is promptness personified, in filling an engagement, in coming to work—and in quitting! He expects promptness of others, and he gets it. But he is the soul of courtesy. Mr. Cashman gives a course to divinity students on the Business Administration of the Church in Chicago Theological Seminary, of which institution he is Business Manager. The wisdom which he gained by actual experience in local parishes he has refined by teaching others, and now he puts this crystallized wisdom in a book where it is available for us all. He knows the practical side of the church with rare insight. And he knows how to impart his knowledge. This book discusses every aspect of that ever fascinating art, the administration of a church. The author does not discuss how to make sermons, but he does discuss how to file them, and how to file the material out of which they are made. He has chapters on the janitor, the preacher's correspondence, organizing the membership, financial methods, publicity, the use of the preacher's time, the care of the church's property, and many other subjects. The chapter on the way ministers are swindled and how to avoid becoming a swindler's victim is invaluable. It would have saved me many times the cost of the book, if I had had it when I was a pastor—and since that time also!

A Thought for the Month

OFTEN have I been annoyed at the watchman who called out, "The morning cometh!" and insisted upon adding, "and also the night." He was beset by the anxious people who clamored for release and for a reassuring word. They were distraught, sleepless, haunted with fear. Will the night ever pass? they inquired. Yes, said the watchman, the morning is at hand, but there will be another night! Whenever I preached from this text, I just took half of it! I ignored the second part. I wanted to be an optimist and to bring encouragement and hope to my congregation. But now I know that the watchman was wise. He was not a shallow optimist, nor yet was he a pessimist. He was a realist. He had no illusions about humanity. He was unwilling to create the false hope of a daytime which should have no end. There will be another night, he insisted. Perhaps our optimism is too easy, too uncritical. Professor John Bennett, in the little book I reviewed on this page last January, coined a phrase that has stuck in my mind: "the snare of utopianism." Christians must avoid this snare. We have here no continuing city. We shall ever be beleaguered with dangers. Life is perilous. Its treasures are never secure. As men go forward in moral achievement, they do not become less liable to sin, but more liable. The good man, the saint, is exposed on more sides to temptation than is his less sensitive neighbor. Each new gain for the nation and for society and for the Christian church develops new perils—perils of pride, of egoism, of greed, of power. There is no static goal. Life moves in the perpetual rhythm of a restless night, a dawn, and another night. Jesus taught us to avoid the snare of utopianism, to be ever "watching," to be expectant of the unpredictable, and to find our abiding reassurance, not in goals, but in God. It is not only the unconverted who are called upon to repent, but the very saints themselves must keep the night in view by living a life of unbroken repentance, remembering Paul who feared lest even he might become a castaway.

Morning Cometh—and Also the Night!

Charles Clayton Morrison

What Kind of Illustrations? . . .

An important result of the work of STANLEY I. STUBER and his hundreds of helpers in compiling the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PULPIT ILLUSTRATIONS has been an opening up of the whole subject of sermon illustration. Mr. Stuber writes that in the letters which have come to him there is revealed "an intense enthusiasm for the improvement of preaching by the use of *a higher type of sermon illustrations.*" That interest is seen also in the fact that Dr. Ruopp, professor of preaching at Boston University, has on his own initiative sent The Christian Century Pulpit the article on "Windows for the Sermon" which is published in this issue. He has much to say as to "what kind of illustrations" are desirable and effective.

Would not other readers of the Pulpit like to have their say on this important subject? The Pulpit will open its pages to the publication of brief constructive letters from ministers and divinity students. The most fruitful contribution, perhaps, would be a brief letter telling just what kind of illustrations you would like to see in the proposed "Encyclopedia." But let us have what's on your mind. Send your contribution—in a letter or on a postcard—*direct to Mr. Stuber* (see his address below). He will profit by your suggestions, and will then relay your letter to the Pulpit.

Do not neglect to send Mr. Stuber, at the same time, your group of *ten best illustrations.* (If you are not interested in the awards, send him two or three of your favorite illustrations for his consideration.) Note below the list of awards and the rules of the competition.

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4. All illustrations received are to be considered available for inclusion in the Encyclopedia, whether they earn awards or not.
5. Your *group of ten illustrations* should be mailed, early as possible, to Rev. Stanley I. Stuber, First Baptist Church, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

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